

SING A SONG OF BRITAIN

**Sing a song of Britain,
Country of the Free,
Five and forty millions.
Set in Silver Sea.**

LET us say a word for ourselves. It is worth it. We used to be proud of policing the world, of being Mr Valiant to every people in distress, and who would have it otherwise? Who would blot out the noble pages in our history which tell the glorious story of what this Island has done for mankind?

But it is a noble selfishness that would keep the Island strong and great for the dark days coming on. If these calamities are not to befall us again it is imperative that the Mother of Nations shall be at her best and conserve her strength. She will wish to be present at the launching of that good ship the Brotherhood of Man, and it will be a stormy sea for a vessel so frail.

Let Us Be Thankful

We have been much impressed by the reminder from our friend Sir Ernest Benn that except for three small countries nobody under 21 on the continent of Europe knows what life is like under a settled government. All the rest of the youth of Europe has been born to revolution and lived through it. Over this vast area of two million square miles, with hundreds of millions of people, a wave of revolution has passed in our time, and in all but three small lands there have been two forms of government in the life of those who are under 21.

LET us be thankful on our little Island, for we may well have grateful hearts. Our neighbour France has been turned upside-down and betrayed by her own sons; stricken and in misery, she bows her head in shame as Judas at Vichy bargains for the life of one captive Frenchman by selling three men as slaves. Italy has been mocked, beaten, and bound to the chariot wheels of the conqueror. Austria has fallen so low that there is nothing left of that dazzling empire which was master of Europe. Hungary is torn to pieces and is the pawn on the tyrant's chessboard. Poland, rising to manhood after 150 years of extinction, has been murdered once again. Rumania has become a thing of scorn. Greece has been betrayed in the hour of her glory and her people brought to hunger. Turkey is anxious in the shadow of a pitiless foe. Yugo-Slavia holds her head high with Gestapo assassins driving through her streets. Bulgaria is a mockery.

Our Soil is Free

The brave Czechs are driven like slaves to work for their slaughterer. Finland has been trapped into the pit of barbarism. Denmark is a shadow of itself. Norway is in the grip of terror. Belgium waits her hour, with her king a prisoner. Holland, with all the brave and simple folk who would not be cruel to a mouse, is bullied and tortured by Nazi thugs. Russia, fighting for her life, scorches her precious earth as she draws back, leaving forty millions of her brave people under the German heel.

WE need look no farther than Europe, though the mark of the Nazi Beast is over all the earth. On one little Island, he sets his foot only as a captive. Not yet has he stained the soil from which Caesar drew back, on which the Norman rode with pride, and which Linnaeus knelt down to kiss as he

stepped ashore. No filthy nazi yet has trampled down the soil of our free land. We have been battered and shaken, torn by steel and burned by fire, baffled by blundering and bewildered by confusion, but we remain free and undefeated, still able to strike a blow and to speak out,

*That if tonight our greatness were struck dead,
There should be left some record of the things
we said.*

NEVER so near defeat, never have we been so proud, so calm, so high in the affections of the world. Do we make mistakes? We are poor human folk, and we recover. Are we short of weapons? We fight with what we have and make more as we fight. Our ships are sunk and we build more. Is the short seaway closed? We will go half round the world. Is it too slow? We will run the blockade and get through.

Are the defences on the Continent too strong for us? We will send ten thousand men to find out.

No Ally. Asks in Vain

Is France collapsing? We will offer her partnership in the Empire. Is Madagascar in danger? We will protect it. Is Greece crying for help? We will send it while our fortunes tremble in the scale. Is Turkey in need? Though she is not at war and we gasp for help, we will supply her need. Is America threatened? We will give her bases. Is India anxious? We will give her independence. Does Mr Gandhi go mad? All the more need for us to keep sane. Is Australia in danger? We will send back her fighting sons.

ARE the Allies homeless? Let their Governments find shelter here. Are the neutrals who rejected our counsel overrun? We will guarantee to save them. Does Russia want tanks while Libya cries for them? Send her fifty every week. Is transport too slow? Make a road across Africa and link up the railways of the Middle East. Is Hamburg building U-boats to destroy us? Blow her to bits. Is Russia scorching the wheatfields she has tilled with

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

NATURE'S SECRET POWERS A Marvellous Instrument in Our Hands

WHAT appears to be a marvellous addition to curative drugs is announced in the discovery of Penicillin.

Sir Almroth Wright, the famous physician, tells us that we owe the discovery to Professor Alexander Fleming, of St Mary's Hospital Research Laboratory, and great credit is also due in connection with it to Professor H. W. Florey, of the School of Pathology at Oxford University, who first separated Penicillin and showed its value.

It seems that a mould called penicillium notatum was found to have strong, anti-bacterial power, and Penicillin, derived from this mould as a purified preparation, is even more powerful, in a degree almost beyond belief. It stops the growth of

germs completely in a dilution of one part in 25 millions. Not only so, but the drug is harmless to animals, even big doses having no evil effects on mice or men.

So we get the hope that it may prove possible, by applying the substance to the blood stream, to destroy the organisms of disease at present not under control.

Everyone is familiar with mould, which forms velvety patches on decaying organic substances. These moulds, of which there are many, are present everywhere, as we know to our cost when food is left unprotected.

Little we thought that minute organisms would come to be important medicinal agents. Again we are reminded how much in Nature there is yet to discover.

The Butterfly and the Bee

ONE of our correspondents has been watching a butterfly. Again and again it alighted on one of a number of brilliant scarlet dwarf dahlias, and there began to extract nectar. Each time it was followed to the blossom by bees, and each time there was an amusing little comedy. Instead of keeping its wings erect, as is the way of its kind, the butterfly appeared to flatten them so as to cover the centre of the bloom and shut out the hungry bees; but each time one of these wise insects would get under the wings.

At that the butterfly, seemingly in a sort of huff, would fly off and find another flower, where more bees followed it and the previous tactics were repeated. It was noticeable that the butterfly in its scouting, while examining every kind of flower in the border, white, blue, brown, and orange, rejected all but the scarlet of the dahlia and the gold of the helenium. There was nothing like a quarrel here, but just good-humoured jostling by the bees to defeat the greedy exclusiveness of the tortoise-shell butterfly.

THE MARCH OF THE FROGS

AFTER a recent spell of heavy rains alternating with hot weather a London gardener found hundreds of tiny frogs in a shrubbed front garden. "See what the rain's brought; there's been one of them showers of frogs that we hear so much about," he said.

But there had been no frog-shower. At the back of the houses on the other side of the road flows the last uncovered stretch of a tiny river which finds its way through pipes to the Thames. It was there, as for thousands of years before, that frogs had laid their eggs to hatch into tadpoles and in due course become frogs. Then, following instinct, they had made their migration in search of food in the gardens a hundred yards distant, there to eat things harmful to crops and flowers, and to set men repeating once more the old-fashioned fable that a rainstorm had brought them from the skies.



Young Raleighs of Today

There is something of the inspiration of the famous painting by Millais of the Boyhood of Raleigh in this picture of two A.T.C. boys listening to a Stirling pilot telling of his adventures in the air

Stirring Call to Australians To Live Finely & Simply

The Prime Minister of Australia, Mr Curtin, has made a stirring appeal to the Commonwealth in calling on the people for a life of great austerity, or simple living. We take this from his appeal.

Our fate is in the balance as I speak to you. We are faced with an enemy of great power, devilish ingenuity, and regimented efficiency. Austerity is essential. The Government therefore cannot permit anything to stand in the way of placing the nation on a full war-footing, and it must, by every means in its power, bring those sections of the community who are thoughtless of what is involved to a salutary realisation of the situation.

It was to that end (he added) that the Cabinet had made decisions which would be the Government's lead in the austerity campaign which was opened as from that night. Normal living standards must be cut by one-third. The States had been asked to reduce further the number of racing, greyhound, coursing, and trotting meetings. The Press and wireless had been asked to restrict sporting news to bare essentials, and not to publish social news unconnected with the war.

Every citizen must bring into subjection self-interest, ill-will between employer and employee, suspicion, and the baser things which were destructive of national life, and then give full scope to the development of good will, selflessness, honesty, sacrifice, and courage. This meant clean and honest think-

ing and acting, and would be reflected in sound homes, teamwork in industry, and cooperation throughout the nation.

Austerity called for a pledge by the Australian people to strip every selfish, comfortable habit, every luxurious impulse, every act, word, or deed, that retarded the victory march. Here was the pledge which he asked every Australian to take:

We will make this austerity campaign the greatest and most stirring phase of the war. We shall make this our finest hour. We pledge ourselves individually to throw everything we have into a stupendous effort against the enemy. We shall cut from our lives every luxury, every relaxation, every temptation to slack.

We shall make of our nation two complete fighting armies—the fighting forces to smash their way back through New Guinea and Java, Malaya, the Philippines, and on to Japan, and the working forces that will stand behind them to the limit in mine, factory, and workshop. We who fight shall fight as Australians never fought before. We who work shall labour as men and women have never laboured before. In this campaign we will forget privileges, comforts, and rest. Nothing shall block the way to the attainment of victory.

SING A SONG OF BRITAIN

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special grain through these long years? Bring her scientific wheats to our laboratories and preserve them for her. Does China need money? Give her credit. Are the fallen peoples menaced with starvation? Build up stores on which they can draw the moment they are free. It will be to our eternal honour that, however grave the peril in which we stood, no Ally has asked us for help in vain.

WE have built up, we who neglected our soil so long, the most highly mechanised agriculture in the world. We have dug up land that has not been dug since Julius Caesar came. We have reclaimed in a few months a bigger area than the Pontine Marshes redeemed with such boasting by Mussolini in his better days. We have made our land yield enough for eight months a year instead of four. We have raised the acreage of wheat by fifty per cent. We have grown six million extra tons of food for cattle. We have produced ten million gallons more milk than ever before and given it to every child at school.

We have taken over railways, ships, and lorries, and gone into every sort of business. The nation of shopkeepers has now a Government of Shopkeepers. Now that the need has come we have put guns before butter and cabbages before flowers. Are we short of labour? The women

will work like men, and the children shall gather the harvest and sing as they do it; of all the people in the Island from 14 to 65 two in three are in the war. Our production per worker is the highest in the world.

ARE we short of money? We will raise our small savings to such a height as no nation has ever known before. Is it not enough? We will tax every man fifty per cent and the rich man of nearly all he has. Are our pensions proving too small? Give the old folk more. Are the homes of our people blown to bits? Is it true that one in five of our houses has been damaged or destroyed? We will have a new Ministry of Works and rebuild them. Are our churches bombed? We will worship in the ruins.

We will scour the backyards, clear the attics, empty the cupboards, pull down the railings, open the tin mines of Cornwall, to keep up the output of munitions that is to set men free. Never were we so tired, never was food so difficult and life so hard, yet never were we so healthy. Never was the Island busier, prouder, sadder, calmer than now.

WE do not apologise for this word for ourselves. We pat Old Mother England and her children on the back and feel that not half, not a quarter, of her glory has ever been told.

Arthur Mee

HARVEST BATTLE

FARMERS, landworkers, school-children, and volunteers, assisted by the Army, have won a race against time by harvesting the grain in the East Anglia battle area with 24 hours in hand.

In 13 days a total of 2700 acres has been harvested and, except for root crops to be gathered later, the area is now closed.

The military authorities gave permission for this harvest to be gathered from land which had been scheduled by the Army for battle school training, but they stipulated that it be completed within 14 days.

Precisely at seven a.m. on the first day land "commandos" went into action. These workers have done a splendid job, and from the moment "zero hour" was declared they never ceased work until dusk each day. Everyone knew his job, and it was as carefully planned as a military operation.

By ten o'clock on the first day every piece of machinery was in motion—the farm Panzer division had gone into action; and in a village near by residents who had only heard the noise of tanks in training as mock battles were fought heard the welcome sound of threshing machines instead.

Now the Cease Fire has sounded, and the battle school, which has been "standing at ease" while this important job was finished, has resumed its training.

50 Years Have Passed

WHEN Liverpool turns a tap on it gets pure water from the mountains of Wales, and the city has just been quietly celebrating the jubilee of its chief source of supply, the Vyrnwy Reservoir.

The River Vyrnwy rises in the Berwyn Mountains in Montgomeryshire, flowing 35 miles to join the Severn at Melferley in Shropshire, and the reservoir was formed by the building of a huge dam, a hundred feet high and twelve hundred feet long. The Vyrnwy Reservoir has a capacity of over 12 thousand million gallons, and the water passes through the Hiranant Tunnel, two and a quarter miles long, to reach the 67-mile aqueduct of the Liverpool Waterworks.

It was a great engineering feat, but it sounded the knell of a little Welsh village, just as in a later day the Manchester water scheme sounded the knell of the Westmorland village of Swindale. When the Vyrnwy lake was formed 500 villagers of Llanwddyn saw their homes and their church vanish beneath 80 feet of water. But they did not vanish for evermore, for during the dry summer of 1919 the water reached such a low level that the ruins could be seen, and it is said that many Welsh folk made journeys to see their old homes once more, in the bed of the lake. Perhaps some of these good village folk live in the great city now, and drink the water that has flowed over their old rooftops.

Turn the Light Off

King of Italy's Stolen Crown RETURNED TO HAILE SELASSIE

It would seem that at least one of the many wars going on in the world is over and done with, for British troops have withdrawn from Abyssinia, which is a sovereign State again.

It is thrilling to think that, after all that has happened, our army having given back his State to Haile Selassie, has left him in complete possession of his own country with an Ethiopian ambassador in London. We have kept our word, and have sought no reward for all the blood and treasure outpoured to restore the freedom of this ancient land.

The news must annoy Mussolini a little, and perhaps it is not altogether welcome on the Quirinal in Rome, where the bogus Emperor of Abyssinia lives in his Italian capital, King Victor Emmanuel, unable to rule his own country or to control his great quishing Mussolini, who has handed it over to the Nazis, has

been fond of accepting new crowns of late—first the crown of Abyssinia, then of Albania, and then of Croatia, all three stolen from their rightful owners.

It must be a humiliating business for a king to steal a crown and have it taken from him, but already this has happened once with King Victor, and it will happen twice again. At the moment it is good to be able to send him the news that the true Emperor of Abyssinia is back on his throne, with all the Italian invaders flung out. Britain has kept her word and has restored the first kingdom torn asunder by the Fascists whom King Victor cannot control.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

TWELVE bananas brought home by a soldier from Gibraltar were sold in aid of the Red Cross for £12.

Baths for cotton-mill workers are now being established on the lines of the baths for miners.

Manchester has formed a regiment of Limestone Volunteers, going out for week-end work in the Derbyshire quarries.

Thirty-six college boys of Pendleton, Salford, have picked 50 tons of peas.

Our lifeboats have saved 4775 lives in the three years of the war.

Collections are to be taken for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund in churches of all denominations on Sunday, September 20, anniversary of the fiercest fighting in the Battle of Britain.

The Prime Minister's son, Captain Randolph Churchill, pointed out in a speech that at the present rate of births there will be only four million people in this country in 100 years.

It is calculated that the liberated countries after the war will need a million tons of seeds, including potatoes and cereals, for the restoration of their crops.

Old razor blades collected at Southern Railway stations are sold for the benefit of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, which has so far received £106 from this source.

Many schools and youth organisations are collecting acorns and beech-mast, which are valuable as supplementary feeding stuffs for pigs and poultry.

The C N Important Notice

FROM next week inclusive the publishing day of the C N will be changed, and the paper will be on sale each Tuesday morning instead of Thursday. It is hoped this change will be welcome to our readers and that they will take care to collect the paper next Tuesday, September 22, and on each succeeding Tuesday.

A HALIFAX man has been with a cotton-twining firm for 60 years, and his wife for 54.

Two half-crowns found in a bombed building in London have been auctioned in America and the British Red Cross has received £400, half the proceeds.

Two Somerset boys have raised £2 6s for the Red Cross by exhibiting a home-made model of an army lorry.

With winter not far off more than 2000 Boys Brigade companies have started a new recruiting season.

Since the war began saving groups in the schools of England and Wales have raised £15,000,000.

An unknown South African has lent £60,000 to the British Government free of interest for the war.

British miners are proposing to raise a million pounds to build a model mining village at Lidice, the Czech village blotted out by the Nazis.

In the last seven months of peace 572 children were killed on our roads; in seven recent months of war the number was 736.

Scout and Guide News Reel

SCOUTS of Hoylake are to act as attendants at a cycle parking ground at which 3 lbs of rags will be the parking fee.

So impressed were the people in the neighbourhood where Ebbley Scouts spent a week in camp that a local Scout Troop is to be formed.

Without a Scoutmaster or a Headquarters, the 70th Coventry Scouts held meetings in a hair-dresser's towel-drying room; news of their "Good Scouting" soon spread, and now they have a flourishing troop with a Scoutmaster, a Padre, and a good H.Q.

FOR her gallantry during long-range shelling from France, Joyce Fagge of the 16th Dover Ranger Company has been awarded the Guide Silver Cross; Joyce ran into a wrecked house and applied a tourniquet to an injured man.

Catherine Coles of the 8th Kent Lone Ranger Company receives the Guide Gilt Cross for her consistent good work during air-raids, including fire-fighting and running messages.

A Pillar of Stone

IN a discussion on the cost of rebuilding London the other night one of the company gave his hearers a surprising piece of information. Many of the buildings that have to be replaced, he said, were adorned with colonnades, like that of the National Gallery, which has eight stone pillars gracing its front door. What, it was asked, would these cost today? The answer was—at least £250 each.

CARRYING ON

Mr E. A. Brown is a Nottinghamshire farmer who, with his two sons, controls 22 farms, totalling 5000 acres. He has recently taken over four disused farms, securing from them 100 per cent production for the national food effort, and has now undertaken to reclaim another 300 acres of derelict land.

THE SAME OLD MADMEN

The other day a Home Guard instructor was telling his men that this is a different war. No longer does the "mad Englishman" of the old days go into battle with a joke and a smile. He gave as examples of the out-of-date way of fighting the famous football which was kicked in front of the troops at Loos, the toy drum which led a battalion in the Retreat of Mons, and the equally famous hunting horn used to rally the line when it was in danger of breaking. In total war, said the instructor, we have no time for such foolishness.

Next day some of the men heard a story of the Dieppe raid, when our men, advancing under fire through an orchard, picked apples and ate them, and then threw the cores at one another!

YORKSHIRE'S OLD LADY

A New Zealand reader writes to tell us that he thinks his aunt, Miss Elizabeth Hoyland of Wentworth, is, probably the oldest lady in Yorkshire; she is 103. Our friend adds that he left Yorkshire 62 years ago, and has been delighted to see Arthur Mee's Yorkshire in three volumes in a shop window in New Plymouth, "promptly buying" the lot.

THIS KIND WORLD

DEAR EDITOR, This morning I went shopping and lost my Ration Cards. Imagine my delight when I reached my home to find them lying on the table. A schoolboy had delivered them before my return.

A BROWN, Parkstone, Dorset.

The Day Eye and the Night Eye

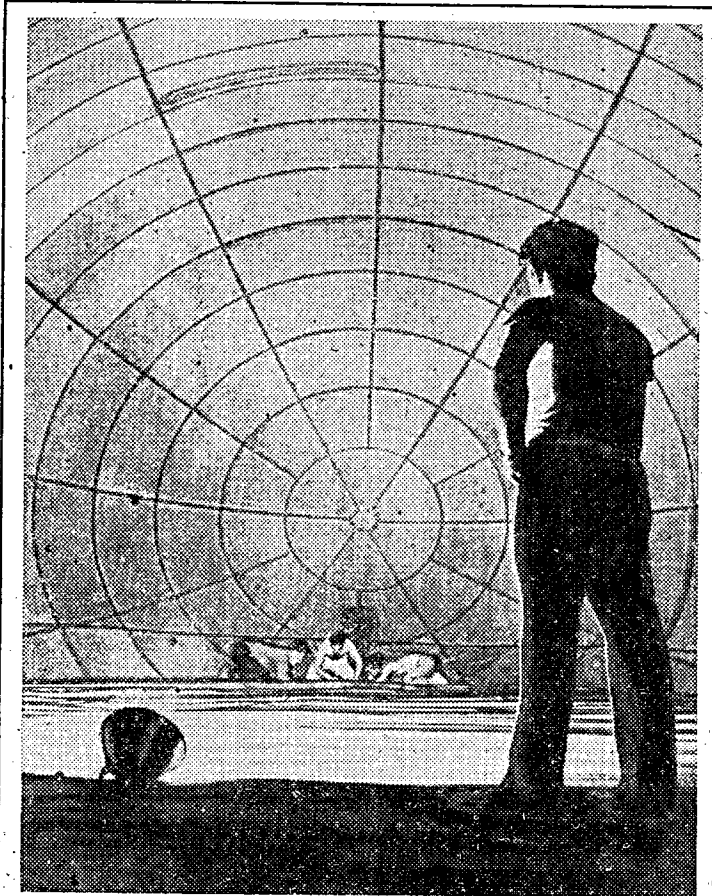
IT is said that a night pilot, when he has been up an hour and his eyes have become accustomed to the darkness, can spot a lighted candle 12 miles away though it may be exposed for only a thousandth of a second. If it were exposed continually he would be able to see it 200 miles away unless fog intervened or it was below the horizon at that distance.

This is because he is using what has been called merely one of his two-way powers of vision; the other is his day vision.

There is the cost of the stone, the cost of quarrying and transporting, the interest on capital, and the cost of labour in rounding, shaping, and smoothing the stone column. It takes a man five months to carve the Corinthian capital at the top of the column, and his wages are at least £6 a week. So, if we had to replace a dozen or twenty pillars, the cost of the columns alone would be thousands of pounds.

GRAIN BY GRAIN

From the neighbourhood of Kuibyshev in Russia comes the story of how the schoolchildren have been gleaning ears of corn from the harvested fields, an average of 50 ears from every square yard. This means that they have recovered over 164 lbs of grain from every acre, grain which could not have been gathered in any other way. Altogether over 250 tons of grain have been gathered by children a few grains at a time.



What Is This?

Men at work under floodlight inside a barrage balloon in an American factory

CRASH OF TEN THOUSAND AXIS PLANES

By the end of the third year of war the RAF had destroyed 8985 Axis planes for the loss of 6231. Our fighters shot down more than 4000 of the Axis planes by day and 700 by night.

The total losses must be far in excess of the figures given, for machines destroyed on the ground are not included, and neither are 725 Axis planes shot down by the Navy and the Fleet Air Arm. It is certain that over ten thousand planes have been brought down.

LIFE IN THE OUTBACK

Life in Australia's great outback is often disheartening, as this CN reader tells us in her letter, but there is no failure of the good courage that sees it through.

The big floods in this part of Northern Queensland have left many people homeless, including ourselves, she writes. All our buildings except the top storey of the house have gone. All the harness and crops in the farm have been washed away and miles of fences. Our cows, some young cattle, and two of our horses were surrounded by water and washed away. My father and I were trapped in trees in different parts of the paddock. I clung to mine for seven hours while father swam from tree to tree until he managed to get out and find a rope. He then swam back to me and we tied both ends round our waists and struggled to safety.

While I was perched in my tree I saw our poor animals being carried along helplessly in the raging water and wept to think they fought to live through droughts only to be drowned in a flood!

Lawns While You Wait

SOMETHING good can come out even of golf courses, and the CN is anxious to give credit where credit is due.

In the United States the golf greenkeepers, who keep the putting greens like velvet, have joined with Pennsylvania University to raise turf on dusty airfields in 30 days. This is a boon to airmen and aeroplanes, because it makes taking off and landing easier and prolongs the

life of the engine by preserving it from the dust which gets into its fine machinery. The green turf covering the aerodrome is also a camouflage. The material for this mat of turf is soil and lime, fertiliser and grass seed, mixed into a sort of porridge and then spread together with healthy rough sod over the ground. We wish the pilots many happy landings on these new greenswards.

An Army of Experts

THE Army of today is a highly technical force, and a new scheme just announced seeks to ensure that the Army of tomorrow shall have no lack of skilled men.

Boys of 14 in the Army Cadet Force on leaving school may choose to go in for Technical Training. They will be enrolled in a Junior Technical Training Course provided by the local education authority or in a course at some other approved place of instruction, and take English, Science, Mathematics, Workshop Drawing, and Workshop Practice. The course will last two years, during which time the boys will continue with their Cadet training, the greater part of which will be given during the

summer months. Cadets passing an examination at the end of the course will be awarded a technical certificate, and boys possessing this will be encouraged to attend a Senior Technical Course at a Technical Institute or College.

Thus they will prepare to become tradesmen in the Army, and at the same time improve their qualifications for civilian occupations.

Where fees have been charged for these courses they may be reclaimed from the Government, subject to satisfactory attendance.

The scheme is to begin in the autumn, and it is hoped that 80,000 cadets will be in training before long.

The Parachutist Who Forgot Himself

THERE is a stage in the training of our parachute troops when the men are counted out of the plane.

"One," calls the RAF instructor, and the first man jumps. "Two" is then called, and so on up to ten, the jumpers following each other rapidly. On a recent occasion the counting was handed over to an officer trainee. Eight men had gone according to plan. "Nine" was

called, and off went another. "Ten," the trainee shouted, and nothing happened. "Ten," he repeated, and still nothing happened. Suddenly light came to him; he realised that he himself was Number Ten, and hurriedly jumped.

But that slight delay was enough to cause him to make a two-mile walk to the dropping-field where the others had alighted!

Old Names and the Old Cockney

WHATEVER changes may come over London in the Great Peace we must all hope that the old names will remain.

Who would lose such names as Paternoster Row (Paternoster meaning Our Father), Amen Court, Angel Court, Mitre Court, Pope's Head Alley, Crutched Friars, Cripplegate, Gunpowder Alley, Vineyard Alley, and such reminders of our past as Blackfriars and Whitefriars? These are name-relics dear to us all.

Yet, whatever the changes effected in the heights and outlines of buildings and the width and character of streets, there must always remain the unchanging people of London. London is constantly recruiting her forces from the cream of the Provinces, but the newcomers become proud Londoners, the new blood blending with the old to form a nation in itself in point of numbers, a people worthy to possess the greatest city in the world.

Never have they been seen in more heroic light than since the Nazi air assaults were first launched upon them. It was once deemed almost discreditable to be a Cockney, but today the Cockney, with his endurance and his unconquerable gaiety and high courage, is the admiration of the world. How Charles Lamb would have loved the Londoners of this generation! He delighted in the swarms that peopled the London of his day and was never happier than when mingling with them. One of his chief reliefs from his sad home life was to rush out into crowded London and see and mingle with the people. Watching them, he felt the tears stream down his cheeks "for unutterable sympathies with the multitudinous moving picture." That was a London people untried as ours has been, but they were the ancestors of those who today defy the attempts of a brutal enemy to break their spirit.

The Birds Are Making the Best of It

OUR country's birds are making the best of it during the war. Nesting has gone on as usual, even near anti-aircraft batteries and aerodromes. Better than that, the birds, taken as a community, have profited by the airfields, because near them they found unofficial sanctuaries. Some of the recognised bird sanctuaries have become rather

neglected through the absence of their human guardians, but this is offset by the bigger sanctuaries where the birdnester cannot penetrate, and the idiot with a gun dare not appear.

The absence of gamekeepers has profited the magpies, the owls, and the jays, and in Scotland the golden eagles are increasing.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

Unrepresented Youth

Two facts about Parliament in these days are of unique interest.

The first is that this Parliament is likely to be the longest known since Cromwell's day. The second is that when the next Parliament is elected it will be the first time that the living generation under 30 years old has ever voted at a General Election.

This remarkable fact comes about because the register of voters in use at the last General Election was made up in 1935. Except for constituencies which have had bye-elections, nobody younger than 28 has voted for Parliament. It may be true to say that Youth is very little represented in the present House, either by members or by voters.

The Height of the Ridiculous

COULD anything in the world, we wonder, be more ridiculous, or bring journalism into more utter contempt, than the headings in some of the papers called Popular?

It would be hard to find a child at school with a mentality quite so low as these papers assume in their readers. We remember this heading the other day—a special one kept for Sunday:

No legs, flies

The idea of a heading is to be attractive, but nobody can say, this is attractive, and what does it mean?

That there is a shortage of legs and flies?

That flies have no legs?

Neither of these things: it is simply an unpleasant way of describing a heroic airman who has lost both legs in fighting for his country. He has his matchless spirit still, but to a sub-editor is just *No legs!*

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

WHEREVER the Italians are governed by German Rulers they grow obstinate, sullen, yet spiritless like so many Asses.

Mrs Piozzi in 1786

Under the Editor's Table

A NEWSPAPER tells us how to make a blouse out of a yard. It would be more useful to make a back garden.

TRANSPORT in Germany is not good. But Hitler can be kicked out.

It takes months to have a watch repaired. You can't get another spring until next year.

ANIMALS are excellent subjects for the amateur photographer. Dogs make good snaps.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a pretty girl makes a good plain cook

How to Sleep

HERE are a few rules compiled by a U.S. Medical Board for Americans who want to sleep well. Cut down the intensity of your thinking half an hour before bed. Take plenty of time to go to bed. If you read in bed (better not) choose a hard book to read. Transplant your mind from annoyances, especially those that make you angry. Make your mind leap from one idea to another. Go to bed a little chilly. Relax the muscles. Get rested before going to sleep. Therefore go to bed early.

Warm Without A Fire

WE are grateful to Professor John Read of the University of St. Andrews for turning up an old friend, Simon Forman, an astrologer of the days before astrology became a Fleet Street quackery.

Simon Forman in his autobiography happens to tell of a canon of Salisbury Cathedral who found a way of keeping warm without a fire. He was Canon Mintorne, an Elizabethan, and though he warmed himself with logs he never burned them, but whenever he was cold would pick up his heavy logs and carry them into a loft until he was hot, and then carry them down again, so keeping himself warm without burning the logs.

FACE THE TRAFFIC

It is surprising to see the confusion which continually arises as to the Rule of the Pavement, almost as surprising as the obstinacy of the authorities in refusing to give a legal rule.

The vital point in walking and riding is to Face the Traffic, and to do this means to Walk and Drive Left.

If we do this both walkers and drivers face each other.

The only exception is not really an exception at all. It arises when there is no footpath in a country lane, and then we must imagine the footpath and walk on it to face the traffic.

This means walking right in a pathless lane, and this is the only confusion there need ever be in the matter.

Face the Traffic is the rule of safety everywhere.

THE JEWEL

DR JAMES BLACK of Edinburgh has described how the Admiral in Command at one of our naval dockyards took two friends to see what was going on. They saw the thousands of men at work and the intricate organisation making everything work as smoothly as well-oiled machinery.

The interest of the Admiral, however, seemed to lie more in his libraries, rest-rooms, canteens, and entertainment halls. He had all the care of a father for his big family. The walls had been painted by friendly artists, gleaming with inspiration.

Then the Admiral took them to a common ugly corrugated iron shed, saying, "This is the jewel among everything; I have given all my spare time to polish this jewel." On throwing open the door they saw a lovely little chapel. Here the Admiral had got his handy men to work on the derelict shed and they had designed and made everything. The altar rails had been carved from the teak of old naval vessels. The walls had been lined with wood and covered with paintings of scenes of the sea. The very font had been a ship's compass.

This jewel growing out of an old shed and aided by no architects of fame represented the longing of busy men in the midst of their work to have some sanctuary of peace where they could come and find spiritual solace.

These men had thrown into this jewel the loving care and work of their own hands.

On the Road

WE hear from the West Country that men travelling to work in a lorry early the other morning saw a baby rabbit being attacked by a magpie in the road.

The bird rose as the lorry drew near, but the crouching rabbit, too frightened to move, remained motionless. The lorry rumbled on and the men looked back. Yes, the rabbit was still there, and, lo and behold! the wily magpie was silently and swiftly dropping to strike again!

This was too much for the workmen, and the lorry stopped. One man jumped out and ran to the rabbit's aid, and, as if from nowhere, old Mother Bunny suddenly came to the rescue, too! Well outnumbered, the bully made off as fast as he could, leaving Mother Bunny to take charge of her bairn and the good workman to go back to his work.

HIS FAILING

Two roadsweepers were talking of a third roadsweeper who had died. "Bill was a good fellow at his job," said the first. "He was," agreed the second. "But, for all that, don't you think he was just a bit weak round the lamp-posts?"

JUST AN IDEA

If you would like to a peaceful old age, watch carefully the acts of each day of your youth.



Grapes For Tommy

A present for a dispatch rider from a native of the Nile Delta

Filling the Jam Pot

BY OUR COUNTRY LAD

IT is strange to come back to a peaceful backwater in the country after a year away and find it just the same as when we left it. In the distance we spy again Chanctonbury Ring topping Chanctonbury Down, and Blackdown, where Lord Tennyson lived and died, is as black against the sky as ever. All just the same as last year, even to the yellowing stubble of the cornfield, beneath the big elms, and the blackberries ripening in the hedgerows. The creepers are turning red again, and the wind is making play with their falling leaves.

Yet there is a change. There seem to be more old people about, and more children, and fewer in-betweens, for nearly all the young men and maidens have gone—Mary and May and Dorothy to distant places, and Joan to driving lorries, and Esther to become a farm girl; and the boys are learning other games than cricket, far away. But everyone can fill in these departures, because it is the same all over the King's England. But, strange though it may seem, those that are left are as busy as ever, knitting and fire-watching and looking after the evacuees, and at this moment there is the jam-making.

At Wheelbarrow Farm

Plums and damsons were, so to speak, in everyone's mouth. But the immediate need in hand was to make plum jam for all in obedience to the instructions of the Food Ministry. So the in-betweens and over-ages of every sort and condition put their best foot forward to reach the communal home-producing jam centre in the biggest village to get on with it.

It was in the big room of Wheelbarrow Farm, and Mrs Welcombe was in charge. Mrs Welcombe has a tidy bit of gar-

den, and bees as well as plums in her orchard, and is a great hand at jam-making or fruit-bottling, or anything else in her own way. But now she is doing her bit on the Home Front in superintending official plum jam.

It was a busy sight. Plums brought in by the bushel were being heaped on the tables, and in front of them the helpers were stoning them as fast as they could. It was also one of those hot days, and every time the door was opened for a fresh relay of plums it admitted a fresh relay of wasps. "Don't you mind them, my dears," said Mrs Welcombe, "they don't want you; they want the plums." They also wanted the sugar, and the helpers, what with stoning the plums and waving away the wasps, got very hot and bothered.

More Invaders

When someone came in leaving the door open to admit another horde of wasps, a brisk little countrywoman said pointedly to the offender, "Do you come from Yapton?" A laugh went round to relieve the tension; and we were told the meaning of this local joke. It is said that the people of Yapton always left their doors open because long ago they blocked up all their windows to get out of paying the window tax.

Windows or wasps notwithstanding, the piles of plums diminished, and Mrs Welcombe began the task of weighing them and apportioning the sugar. It tried her sorely, not because she had any private doubts about the quantities, but because she had to reconcile them with the long printed instructions.

We left them at it, with more troubles to come; but by this time the jam is in the jars, and all is well. Something has been added to the Poor Man's Riches.

OUR 20 CENTURIES—THE THIRTEENTH The Barons Wring Magna Carta From King John

We have seen that at one period the king did the nation service by curbing the power of the barons. Now we are to see how the barons served the interest of the people by their victory over a tyrannical and dishonest king.

This was King John, who was called the 'Shameless,' and who brought many troubles upon the land, one of them being an "interdict" by the Pope which closed the churches and prevented the dead from being buried in consecrated ground. Over and over again he made promises which he broke, and did all he could to make his rule despotic—that is to say, regardless of all law and custom. But when he met the chief barons at Runnymede he was forced to seal a document which they had prepared, and which has been known ever since as Magna Carta, the Great Charter of the Liberties of England.

In this there was nothing actu-

ally new, but it put into exact language, and into precise terms which no lawyer could explain away, all the safeguards of the freedom of the English people.

The value of the Charter is said to have been exaggerated, but the respect paid to it through the centuries is enough to prove its importance. For the first time it set forth plainly what the rights of the people were, what the king might and might not do; and so it became part of the English constitution and helped us to keep our freedom.

The barons were mainly concerned about their own privileges and liberties, but they claimed the same for all people, so that they might have all people's support. Thus the gift of the thirteenth century was a mighty blow struck for humanity, for the institutions guaranteed to the English by the Charter were copied all over the world, and still form models for systems of popular government today.

FOURTEENTH CENTURY Wycliffe Lays the Foundation of Religious Freedom

It might seem at first glance that the chief gift of the fourteenth century to us was the beginning of the British Navy, for the first Admiral of all England was named in 1385, and shortly before this notable victories at sea had been won. But in its influence upon our national character the life of John Wycliffe was far more important, for it was he who first proclaimed that spiritual independence which made the English refuse to remain in subjection either to the Pope or to the bishops of the Church of England, which gave birth to the Commonwealth under Cromwell, and which led to the establishment of the English language, laws, and traditions in America.

In Wycliffe's day the Church in England was a byword among men. Italian priests received the revenues of English bishoprics. The parish clergy

had no authority; they did nothing to suppress scandals and harsh treatment of the poor. The monasteries seemed to be set only on keeping up riches. Wycliffe began by denouncing these evils; he called for a cleaning of the Church, and sent out preachers to persuade the people of its necessity.

Some of his followers were concerned in the Peasant Revolt which was provoked by attempts to deprive those who laboured with their hands of their freedom.

Wycliffe did not take part in the endeavour to secure justice for the labourer; but he held manfully, in spite of persecution, to his opinions concerning the right of men to worship God as they thought fit, and he laid the foundation of that religious freedom which has given the English people so large a part of their strength.

New Forest Thanksgiving

A friend of the C.N. in the New Forest writes to say that the roof has fallen in and that the builder can get no timber to repair it; the hens must be killed as there is no food for them; the faithful Wakey may be called up any day, and the house doesn't know what it could do without her, BUT

against all that comes this glorious rain drenching the good earth and swelling the potatoes and giving all the young green plants a good start in life, so that when winter comes there'll be broccoli, brussels sprouts, kale, and two kinds of cabbages to give us the necessary vitamins.

This good rain is "setting" the scarlet-runner flowers and washing away the pests, has made the leeks like unto young palm-trees, and has stirred the swede and late carrot seedlings into sturdy life. In spite of all the drought and the record blight year, and mildew on the onions, the garden has justified

itself and has given me a green heart and many new friends in the shape of wizened, rosy old men, with bodies twisted and limbs buckled by long service to the soil. We talk of pods "plimming" and blossoms "setting," and congratulate each other rapturously when the heavens open and pour ambrosia down the throats of our plants.

Also the handsome Bracken went to Burley pony show, and by an almighty fluke won himself a 2nd prize! Also I got through my term's teaching without mishap and received handsome congratulations and a cheque which will keep Bracken for a year. Three of my pupils got 100 per cent in their history exams, and two got 100 in their geography, and my solitary French pupil got 98, of which I am tolerably proud, as the mistress who handed her over to me told me that the poor child was brainless. September is coming. Hooray!

CARRY ON

SERVERS IN THE ARMY

LET us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle, and we knew that victory for mankind depended upon our bravery, strength, and skill. When we do that the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.

Theodore Parker

Prayer on Entering a Church

HELP me, O Lord; to feel that Thou art with me in this place, the shrine of our fathers and the altar of our faith.

Grant that in the shelter of these walls there may come to me a consciousness of Thy overmastering presence and of the Spirit that has dwelt among men from age to age.

Let all uncharity pass from me. Fill me with the love of my fellows and consecrate me to Thy service. Stir within me, O Lord, the desire to live as ever within these holy walls, that in every word or thought or deed I may seek to make this world a nobler and a happier place.

Amen

LITTLE STAR

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not tell which way to go
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains
peep,

For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Jane Taylor

The Agreeable Companion

THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

Lessing

FIVE LAWS

THERE are five laws of health—that food shall be wholesome, air pure, clothing sufficient, cleanliness practised, and exercise and rest taken when needed.

A doctor

It Was an English Lady Bright

It was an English lady bright
(The sun shines fair on
Carlisle wall)
And she would marry a Scottish
knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle
wall;
But they were sad ere day was
done,
Though Love was still the lord
of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel
fine,
Where the sun shines fair on
Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of
wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow
and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on
Carlisle wall;
And he swore her death ere he
would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all!

That wine she had not tasted
well
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle
wall)

When dead in her true love's
arms she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all.
He pierced her brother to the
heart,

Where the sun shines fair on
Carlisle wall;
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord
of all!

And then he took the cross
divine
Where the sun shines fair on
Carlisle wall,
And died for hersake in Palestine,
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers that faithful
prove
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle
wall),
Pray for their souls that died
for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all!

Sir Walter Scott

A Word From John Ruskin

OUT of suffering comes the serious
mind,
Out of salvation the grateful heart,
Out of endurance fortitude,
Out of deliverance faith.

Hymn For Our Times

HEAVY with the daily conflict,
Toiling onward, spirit sore:
Thus we wander through a desert
We have travelled not before;
Loving Father,
Thy compassion we implore.

Blindly groping, weary nations
Miss the highway Thou hast
planned;
Clouded is the heavenly vision,
Darkness veils the promised
land;
Loving Shepherd,
Lend us still Thy guiding Hand.

Lord, this day in full contrition
All our sins we would confess;
Cleansed, restored, we'll march in
triumph
Through this dreary wilderness;
Loving Spirit,
Hear our prayer; Thy people
bless.

W. Nantlais Williams

ANGER

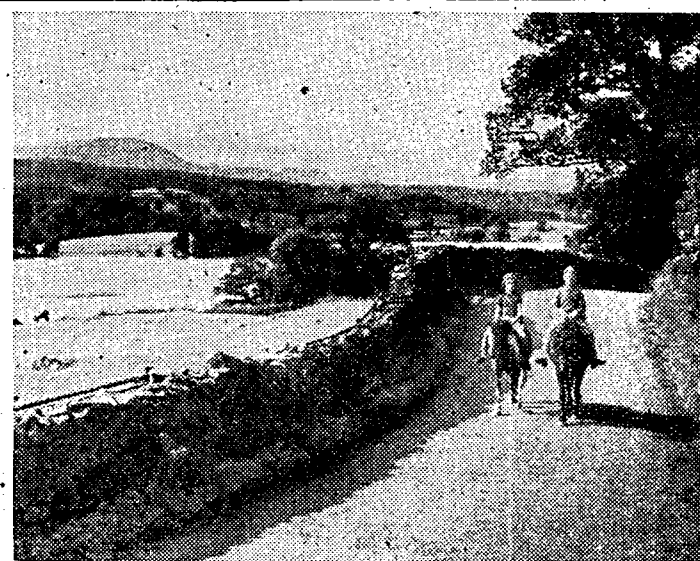
ANGER in its time and place
May assume a kind of grace;
It must have some reason in it,
And not last beyond a minute.
If to further lengths it go
It does into malice grow.
Tis the difference that we see
Twixt the serpent and the bee.
If the latter you provoke
It inflicts a hasty stroke,
Puts you to some little pain,
But it never stings again.
Close in tufted bush or brake,
Lurks the poison-swelled snake,
Nursing up his cherished wrath.
In the purlicue of his path,
In the cold or in the warm,
Mean him good or mean him
harm,
Wheresoever fate may bring you,
The vile snake will always sting
you.

Mary Lamb

The Good Citizen

THE first requisite of a good citizen
is that he shall be able and
willing to pull his weight; that he
shall not be a mere passenger, but
shall do his share in the work that
each generation of us finds ready to
hand.

Theodore Roosevelt



THIS ENGLAND On the road near Esthwaite Water,
at Hawkshead in Lancashire

The Severn Bore

It is about the time of the great Severn Bore, and a West Country correspondent sends us these notes from the Severn district.

Famous throughout the country is the horseshoe bend of the River Severn where it flows past the little Gloucestershire village of Newnham, on the outskirts of the Forest of Dean. At this point the distance between its banks is about a mile, and when the tide is low the water uncovers acres of sandbanks and mud-flats glistening in the sunlight.

Not far upstream, at Westbury-on-Severn, sandstone cliffs rise sheer from the river, their colour changing from hour to hour. Salmon are caught here in wicker baskets called putts. In shape the putts are like great funnels, with wide open mouths and narrow ends too small to allow the fish to escape. They are erected on frames, a row of ten or twelve putts side by side with another row on top of them, and the whole contraption is put in position on the sand at low tide so as to be completely covered by water when the tide returns.

The mouths of the putts face upstream and the salmon usually swim into them when the tide is going out. When at last the baskets are high and dry again the fisherman puts on large rubber thigh-boots and wades out to collect his catch.

At low water cattle stray on to the mud, wandering down to drink from pools or lie and bask in the sunshine on fine days; in the evening a man on horseback can sometimes be seen rounding them up with the aid of his dog. The cattle, as a matter of fact, provided the writer with one of his most vivid memories of the river, to which the great tidal Bore comes each month, but greatest at the spring and autumn tides. It then rushes up from the Bristol Channel faster

than a man can walk, carrying on its crest tree-trunks, branches, and small boats whose owners have been careless enough to leave them in its path. The sound of the Bore is like the rumble of an express train, above which, as it gets nearer, can be heard the steady swish of the water as it breaks against the river banks. Then the putts for the salmon must stand about eight feet high, yet in less than a minute the Bore has come and left not even the topmost row visible above the turbulent surface of the river. You would think that the cows on the mud would hear the Bore in the distance and run back to dry land before it could catch them, but this is not always what happens. Many times the writer has seen the water rush over banks where cattle were standing and watched the beasts struggling to keep their feet as the river washed around them.

Soon nothing would be visible but a number of black specks tossing on the water, the heads of the cattle as they turned to swim for the shore. But the current carried them upstream towards the first bend of the horseshoe, faster and faster, and for every yard they swam towards the bank they would be taken at least a dozen yards out of their way. Often it seemed that nothing could save them, that they would be swept along until, cold and exhausted, they could struggle no longer and would be drowned. Yet farmers declared that this did not happen, and certainly the animals seem always to reach the shore in time. As one man said, "Cows in these parts are good swimmers; they have to be."

A Distinguished Family

THE crow family, with the exception of the brilliant Birds of Paradise, are usually a sombre-looking group. The raven, king of birds so far as brains are concerned, dresses himself in faultless black, as do his relations the carrion crows, the rooks, and the jackdaws, though the jackdaw wears a grey cap which suits him admirably.

Magpies and jays put on more colour, while the starling's iridescent plumage gives the impression, like the bird himself, of gay and irrepressible cheerfulness. The crows have hoarse and discordant voices; in fact, sometimes when the writer invades their solitudes on the Suffolk estuaries it seems indeed as if he is greeted with a burst of bad language. The carrion crows are very proficient in such outbursts.

But while neither their voices nor their appearance is attractive, there is one thing the crow family possesses above all other birds, and that is brains. This may show itself in various ways.

Some Indian crows can count up to six, as has been proved by six men going into a maize field, five or them leaving one by one, the sixth remaining with his gun. But, though the man was quite hidden, no crows (watching from the trees) returned till he had also gone.

Clever Starling

The smallest member of the crow family in England, the starling, shows his mental powers by cleverly imitating the cries of various other birds, a by no means easy task. Last autumn, in the early morning, the writer often heard the distant note of a green woodpecker, and would have taken little notice of it but for the fact that the cry was followed by some fluty notes of a most unwoodpeckerlike kind. It was indeed strange, and many attempts failed to locate this new bird, till one day the mysterious voice was close at hand, and there, on the apex of the roof, was a starling who went through his woodpecker turn faultlessly, and with evident enjoyment. We are told that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and if so, then this starling must admire the raucous call of the green woodpecker, which to us seems about the last sound we would wish to imitate. But the mere fact that the starling likes to mimic other birds, and does it so successfully, places him in a class apart—as would be expected in a member of such a distinguished family.

FOOD MINISTRY AND THE FARMER

The Ministry of Food allows certain additional foods for harvest workers, the method of supplying being for the farmer to draw the extra rations. Employers in one rural district have now been informed that this concession will only be made if they supply meals to the workers, and that they must no longer issue rations.

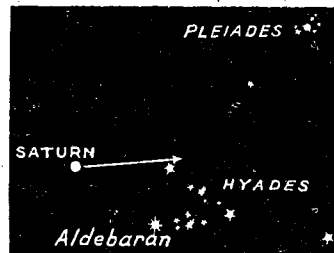
Unfortunately, the custom of supplying meals to harvest workers died out long ago. As one farmer said, "The qualification for getting a job in the Food Ministry must have been a knowledge of country life fifty years ago."

THE APPROACH OF SATURN

Why He is So Bright in the Evening

THE planet Saturn is now coming into view in the late evening and may be seen a little way above the eastern horizon soon after 10 o'clock, writes the C N Astronomer. As Saturn rises about half-an-hour earlier each week he will soon become better placed for observation and at not so late an hour.

The planet appears to be not far from the bright reddish star Aldebaran, but with the aid of the star-map Saturn will be readily identified; moreover, he is the brightest luminary in that region. While he is at present about ten times the Moon's apparent diameter away to the left of Aldebaran, Saturn's position will gradually change during the next three months until he



will then appear above Aldebaran, as indicated by the star-map, the arrow indicating the apparent motion of Saturn during the next three months.

The beautiful star-cluster of the Pleiades, which will be readily recognised, will help in obtaining the earliest glimpse of Saturn, because the Pleiades come into view an hour or so before Saturn or the V-shaped cluster of the Hyades. Thus these two glorious clusters herald, as it were, the coming of the splendid array of the autumn and winter constellations, which will in the coming months have the added lustre of Saturn and Jupiter, though Venus and Mars will mostly be absent.

At present Jupiter does not rise until about an hour after midnight, but he may be seen high in the southern sky in the early morning before 6 o'clock, with the less brilliant Saturn some way to the right. As both planets are the brightest luminaries visible there can be no mistaking them, and, as both are also approaching us, they will become brighter week by week.

Rich Men Are Disappearing

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer tells us that, through war taxation, the British rich have almost disappeared. That is the most remarkable thing in the history of taxation.

It is to the smaller incomes that the Chancellor now looks to raise taxes, for the people with less than £500 a year now control 85 per cent of the nation's purchasing power.

Here is a table which shows at a glance how the well-to-do have been cut out by taxes:

Net income	Numbers receiving it	
	In 1938	In 1942
£1000 to £2000	155,000	105,000
£2000 to £4000	56,000	30,750
£4000 to £6000	12,000	1,170
Over £6000	7,000	80

So heavy has taxation become that if the Chancellor took away every penny of income above £2000 from those whose income at present exceeds £2000, a year, the gain to the Exchequer

Saturn is just now about 809 million miles away, and is this year appearing brighter than he has for many years, and more than twice as bright as he sometimes appears. This is due to two causes, first because Saturn is coming nearer than he has for the past 25 years, and also because Saturn's grand Ring System has opened out almost to its widest extent possible, as viewed from the Earth. Consequently the surface of these Rings appears as a vast oval two-and-a-half times greater in length than width; that is, 45 seconds of arc by 20 in actual measurement.

This vast oval disc of light, encircling Saturn like a gigantic circular track seen in perspective, now reflects considerably more light than does the globe of Saturn itself. We have but to imagine the disc of a circular mirror reflecting the sunlight to realise that the more it is turned towards us the greater the amount of reflected light we should receive. This is precisely the case with Saturn's Rings.

Vanishing Rings

At present this disc of light with Saturn in the centre is turned towards us to the extent of 26 degrees; the greatest possible from the Earth's point of view in space is about 28 degrees. After reaching this the Rings begin to close up again as the motion of Saturn in his orbit carries him more towards the same level or plane in which the Earth travels. This will be reached in about nine years' time, when the Rings will appear almost to vanish in a thin streak for a few days, as they did in February 1937.

It is the south or under side of the Rings that we see now, but if only we could get much nearer to see them as they are, composed of myriads of little moons all going through their phases as our Moon does, what a sight it would be!

G. F. M.

BEDTIME CORNER

Soon Settled

Two boys who had quarrelled asked a grown-up friend to settle their dispute.

"Will you both agree to what I suggest?" he asked.

The boys, knowing they could trust their friend, said they would.

"My suggestion is that you are not to leave this place until you have become friends."

THOMAS CAREFUL

THE ways of Thomas Careful Were never straight and true.

He sidled past the rocks of life.

His track was like a screw; He could not look you in the eyes.

Or give a final No, He always wanted time to think

And let the moment go.

He never lost a penny piece, But never made a friend; He never failed to look ahead, But never reached an end; He dodged the storm, he shunned the test, He shirked the call of strife; He never passed a day in bed, But missed the whole of life.

When caution goes as far as this

It is a deadly sin; Better to lose ten thousand fights

Than such a victory win. Harold Begbie

PRAYER

O Lord our God, Who art in every place, help us in home and school to serve one another and conquer self, and give us thankful hearts that we may love and praise Thee now and evermore. Amen

BACK TO SCHOOL



The Strange Story of a Rubber Ball

THE wheel has come full circle in the story of rubber. No more rubber in golf balls is the rule today.

The first reference to rubber in literature occurs in a Spanish work written a generation after the discovery of the New World, when it was discovered in the form of balls with which natives of Mexico were seen at play.

The one thing that made it remarkable was that the substance had some mysterious property which caused it to bounce. What it was nobody knew, but a guess was made that the material of the ball was a resin derived from a tree; and there for the next two generations the matter rested, and rubber remained simply the foundation of a few native games.

So little practical curiosity had the matter excited all this time in the Old World that no European knew to what plant the rubber belonged. Not until 1736 did a scientific expedition look into the matter, trace the rubber to its source, and show that it was not a resin but a milky juice possessed by certain trees, shrubs, and vines, which were thus furnished by Nature with a fluid intended to seal up wounds in the bark caused by the intrusion of boring insects.

Even then the information published was less stirring to the imagination than the story of vampire bats which came from the two expeditions. Peter Martyr of Anghiera, the bishop who, in 1525, first described America, told the first story of rubber, and told also of vampire bats sucking the blood of men and animals in tropical South America. The recorder of the expedition of 1736, which traced the rubber home, told how these vampires had destroyed all the cattle left by the early missionaries in Ecuador; and that story, fitting into the pattern of the marvellous and incredible that travellers were then wont to write, appealed much more to the public than the mysterious

properties residing in the juice of trees.

Its name, caoutchouc in the native language, made it impossible for the common tongue to be easy with its pronunciation, and it was not until 1770 that Dr Priestley, the English philosopher, found that a piece of this mysterious material rubbed out pencil marks. Then it received the name by which we all know it—rubber. So rubber began its career in the shape of a ball and received its name from its power to rub out a pencil mark. Odd that after all these years we are forbidden to put it into a ball, that a substance so essential to play is also essential to war.

PASSING THE TIME AWAY

A rear-gunner who had been on several long flights over Germany and had seen much dangerous service was surprised to come home one day and find himself invalided into hospital for observation. He made no fuss about it. A week's rest was acceptable, and the food was good. He just had to lie still.

At last two or three specialists began to talk to him kindly, tactfully referring to his notes during operational flights. How was it, they asked, that there were such queer jumbles as K2 and P3 and drop one? Was he suffering from mental strain?

To all this the gunner replied smilingly: "Oh, no; those were my knitting notes. On long flights I take a bit of knitting to pass the time away."

He is out of hospital now.

The Aeroplane and the Submarine

IN the First World War the submarine was subdued, if not wholly defeated, to an extent sufficient to counter the German submarine blockade.

This was mainly accomplished by the concentration of shipping in the Atlantic convoys, enabling us to make a fairly safe path for American supplies. We still profit in the present war by this system, but the conditions are less in our favour. The enemy now has not only a wide range of submarine bases which did not exist for him before, but he has the great advantage given by air power. A convoy has to look out not only for submarines but for attacking planes. Therefore we need air defence to meet air surprise, and wits are at work to meet a very serious case which is

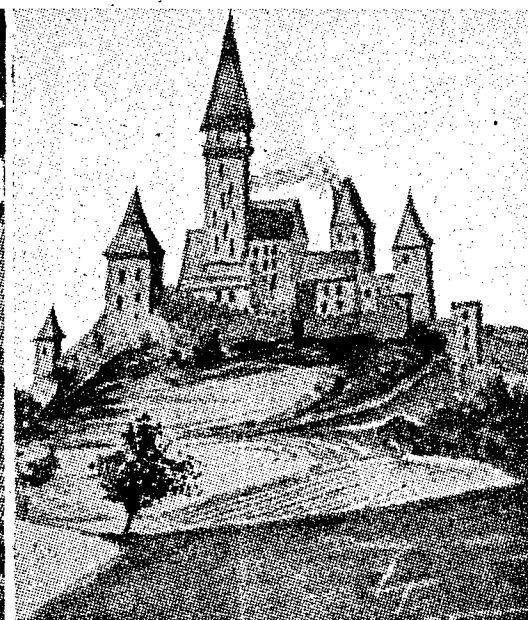
cutting down our supplies and seriously affecting our strategy.

Among the new devices is the provision in every convoy of a merchant ship furnished with a fighting plane which can be catapulted into action as soon as the convoy is attacked. Air attack on merchant ships has become a grave menace, for planes have a wide range and can both bomb ships directly or locate them and send the vital information to U-boats.

The catapult is mounted on the ship's deck above her bows and the fighting plane to be catapulted is held in instant readiness. Thus started, the defender quickly gains speed and attacks the enemy. In mid-ocean, succeed or fail, he has to bale-out and sacrifice his plane when the combat is decided. In a sufficient number of cases success is gained to make it worth while to sacrifice planes. The pilot, in his dinghy, is picked up by one of the convoyed ships or an escort, usually within a few minutes; it is, of course, daring and risky work, but that has become a commonplace in air warfare. It is said that already this method of operation has saved a very large number of merchant ships.

Another anti-submarine conception is also to be tried out. In America there is a great call for transport planes big enough to carry either cargo or soldiers on a grand scale. Mr Henry Kaiser has been given a trial order to produce such monsters, whose high speed, it is claimed, will enable them quickly to counter the loss of ships by submarine. The difficulties are said to be that there is a shortage of steel and that fighting aeroplanes cannot be sacrificed to promote these new transporters. The idea has to work itself out in practice, but Mr Kaiser is confident of success.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THIS



The first of these pictures was painted by Mr Churchill and the other by Hitler. Anyone can see in the Prime Minister's landscape the sensitiveness of a true artist, and who cannot see in Hitler's crooked house the evidence of a crooked spirit? In his picture, as in his life, is nothing true.

The Drop of French Blood in Coucou

IF any CN readers are learning French (and thousands must be) we warmly commend to them a charming little book we have received from Chatto and Windus, who publish it at 3s 6d.

It is absolutely delightful, and makes learning French a joy indeed. Not that it is a text-book for teaching French; it is a story which is told in French and English too, the translation always appearing on the same page.

It is a story of Coucou, a dark little girl with a drop of French blood in her of which she could not be too proud. This drop of blood tingled with a burning sense of shame when France collapsed, and Coucou could not stand it. Of all the gallant things she did we must leave this book to tell, but we are sure that when Victory comes, and the Allied Armies march through the Arc de Triomphe once again, there Coucou will be on her white camel, the proudest of the proud. Coucou black as ink with her little drop of French blood.

It is a book not only of words but of pictures, and the pictures are fascinating, page after page

of them in delightful colours, so that we look at them again and again. They, like the words, are by Mademoiselle Hélène Terré, Commandant of the French A.T.S.

Captain Terré has herself had a romantic career, carrying secret messages, narrowly escaping with her life and her precious documents, and now devoting herself to training hundreds of girls in the Volontaires Françaises to do a hundred things to help the war. She has written and illustrated this book in her spare time, and we are truly grateful to her for half an hour's rich entertainment, for the delight we know the book will be to our readers, and for the help it will be in building up the Entente Cordiale, which will not break again.

THINGS SEEN

A horse in Surrey moving a waste-food bin to eat the green patch of grass beneath it.

A wild garden of willow-herb at the back of Fleet Street.

A girl of ten driving a tractor in a Kent cornfield.

NEXT WEEK'S CHILDREN'S HOUR

The programme for Sunday, September 20, will open at 5.15 with The King of Sorrows, the twelfth episode in the Dorothy Sayers feature The Man Born to be King.

At 5.20 on Monday will be heard Stuff and Nonsense, Funfare of the Air concocted by Muriel Levy, to be followed at 5.50 by Tom Smith reading Scottish Nature Notes collected by Mortimer Batten.

Young Artists will provide the programme at 5.30 on Tuesday. Those taking part will be Doreen Macfee, Alan King, James Beattie, Terry Lewis, Grace Holden, and Stephen MacDermott.

On Wednesday at 5.20 Scottish Children's Players will be heard in Folk Tunes and Plays, assisted by Wilfrid Senior and Wight Henderson in duets for two pianos.

Jacob's Ladder, Part 3 of Anthony Hope's Prisoner of Zenda, will open Thursday's programme at 5.20.

On Friday there will be another Letter from America by Olive Shapley; some gramophone records; and Your Garden This Month, by H. G. Fleet.

On Saturday, September 26, we are to have The Fair Flower of Northumberland, County of Ballads and Border Feuds, Shepherds and Shipbuilding.

Litter Lout Sprawls in Trafalgar Square

WE wrote some time back about the absence of an old acquaintance, for whom we looked in vain among the summer crowds at Hampton Court.

He was the Litter Lout, and we thought he must have joined up "for the duration." Alas, we spoke too soon, for we found him the other day in Trafalgar Square, with his dirty scraps of paper, his discarded cigarette cartons, his unwanted apple-cores, and other rubbish. Only his orange-peel and banana-skins were missing from Nelson's memorial, and that was only because there were no bananas and few oranges.

But he was there himself, with all his horrible appurtenances. The base of Nelson's column, the fringe of the pleasant fountains, the edges of the statues commemorating soldiers and statesmen who brought order and cleanness into dirt and chaos, were shamed and disfigured by the evil wake of the Lout.

Trafalgar Square, always a favourite resting-place for Londoners at their ease, is favoured also by many of our most

welcome visitors. There, in the heart of London, the troops from the Dominions and United States come for a restful half-hour among the traffic and the pigeons, to take the air and watch the passing show.

What must they think of the dirty and untidy mess the Litter Lout has made of the place? They themselves are not his friends. These men are too tidy and too considerate to make any contribution to his unpleasant scrap-heap. Some of them come from cities like Adelaide, where the slogan "Keep Your City Tidy" is written up in every bus and street-car, and on many of the hoardings. Some are from American towns where a smart fine rewards the lout who throws about his "unconsidered trifles." Their impressions of London, capital of a great Empire whose name never stood higher than it does today, can scarcely be enhanced by the spectacle of the rubbish with which our national memorial to Nelson is disgraced.

A few of them, polite though they are, have already said so. Surely that must shame you just a little, wretched Litter Lout?

FIVE

THE natural history lesson was in progress.

"Jack," said the teacher, "name five animals that live in the North."

"Walrus, seal," began Jack, and paused. Then he added brightly, "And three Polar bears."

Find the Number

THERE is a number which when divided by either, two, three, four, five, or six will leave a remainder of one, but when divided by seven leaves nothing. What is the number?

Answer next week

Jacko Feels Sorry



BIG SISTER BELINDA had made a specially good cake, and had set it on the table, ready for tea. Then she went out to invite a friend to share it, leaving Jacko to mind the house. She had hardly turned the corner when a tramp came to the door. He looked so miserable that Jacko thought the least he could do was to invite him in and make him some tea. "Have some cake!" urged Jacko. The tramp did, and when Belinda came back a great deal of her special cake had gone.

Do You Live at Plumstead?

THIS name is the Old English plume-sted, meaning the plum place, and Plumstead was no doubt so called because of an orchard of plum trees growing there in the old days.

Finishing Touch

A WHITE Persian cat said, "I think my coat would look nice if it were pink." And she seized on some paint, But it made her feel faint, So she touched herself up with red ink!

Owner

A GENTLEMAN, interested in botany was walking through a park when he noticed a small plant he did not know the name of. Approaching a park-keeper, he said:

"Excuse me, but do you happen to know what family that plant belongs to?"

"I happen to know that it doesn't belong to any family," replied the park-keeper gruffly. "That plant belongs to the District Council."

PROFIT

A SHOPKEEPER bought 20 books at a certain price. He sold 15 of them, making a profit of £2 10s on his total expenses. Finding the other five left on his hands he sold them off cheaply at 2s each.

On counting up the money he had received for the 20 books he found that he had made a profit of 60 per cent on his original outlay.

What was the price he paid for each book? Answer next week

Past and Future

A HUMORIST sent a batch of jokes to an editor, and anxiously waited for a cheque to arrive. After a few days he found among his letters an envelope bearing the name of the paper. Eagerly he opened it—and found only this brief note:

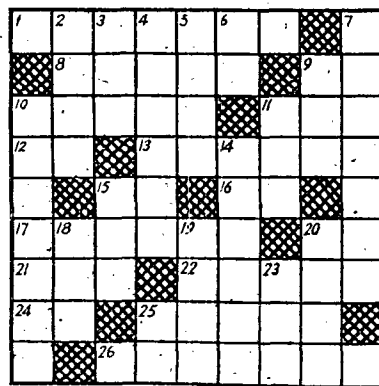
Dear Sir, Many thanks for the jokes you kindly sent us. Some we have seen before; others we have not seen yet.

QUEER SUM

Look at this simple little sum and see if you notice anything unusual about it:

£	s	d
54	3	9
		2
108	7	6

It has all the figures from 0 to 9, and each figure is used once only.



Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Transit from one place to another. 8 An arched apartment. 9 The three-toed sloth. 10 An appellation of dignity. 11 Oldness. 12 Anno Domini. 13 Fright. 15 Child's name for Father. 16 Printer's measure. 17 The dwelling of a gentleman, farmer. 20 Negative. 21 A decree of a government. 22 Walking. 24 For example. 25 To mix together. 26 The most expensive.

Reading Down. 2 Eager. 3 Rested on a seat. 4 A Mohammedan ruler. 5 On the lee side. 6 Great. 7 Seaside entertainer. 9 Gone. 10 Involved. 11 A limb. 14 A kind of jacket. 15 The foot of clawed quadrupeds. 18 A tattered cloth. 19 An occasion of public festivity. 20 Inclines the head from drowsiness. 23 A single thing. 25 Exist.

Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week.

The Boy Talks With the Man

approach is through the Trade Unions. So far these societies have been a great benefit to the workers by protecting their wages, hours of labour, and so forth, but they have done little or nothing to protect society from the abuse of labour in setting it to unworthy tasks.

There is no good reason why a Trade Union should not aspire to be a Guild, practically interested in the application of its employment to the most desirable objectives. Perhaps we may hope that when the needs of war have taught us that it is possible to organise just those trades that are needed in the national effort, we may, when peace comes, organise for the production of such homes and comforts as are needed to give us a proper life standard. The Trade Unions, or Trade Guilds, would thus become conscious agents of civilisation.

injuriously; yet, with things as they are, a compositor is paid to produce alike the good and the bad. He may be set to produce a deplorable article, calculated to waste public money, or, on the other hand, to print splendid and imperishable words for the good of mankind.

Or, to return to the bricklayer, the worker in this fine trade may, and often is, set to apply poor bricks and indifferent mortar to build a poor house, without power to prevent the misuse of his labour.

Boy. There must be many such instances, for our shops offer for sale a great deal of rubbish. Is there any practical means by which better conditions may be brought about, so that the workers may take a pride in the result of their labour?

Man. One obvious means of

A MAN'S INTEREST IN HIS WORK

Boy. Is it possible to have a system of industry in which the worker can share in the control of his work? Will intelligent men always be satisfied with doing work they do not understand, drawing wages, and having no part in the direction of their labour or the ends to which it is devoted?

Man. It is quite evident that men are increasingly dissatisfied with the position which leaves them mere cogs in a machine, to which they address themselves for so many hours a day at so much an hour. This feeling has naturally grown with the multiplication of machines and machine-minders, especially when the worker is set to produce parts of a machine without any knowledge of what part it is to play in the end.

Boy. Surely the use of work is above all important. For example,

can a good bricklayer be really satisfied about his work unless he knows that he is laying bricks for a good building?

Man. A question like that reminds us how complicated is the question of Industrial Democracy. It covers not only the actual conditions of labour, but the purposes to which the labour is applied. The truly educated worker would wish to have a voice in deciding what work is to be done, for whose benefit it is to function, and the safety, comfort, and remuneration of the worker in applying himself to the work.

Have you ever thought to what various purposes, good and bad, the work of a trade may be devoted? Take printing; for example. We produce paper and set men to compose type and to machine the pages of a journal or book. The product may be glorious, or may be in the extreme

THE BRAN TUB

CROWNING GLORY

THERE was an old man of Kildare, On his head there was only one hair.

"It's awkward," he said, "To have such a head, But I'm told it's exceedingly rare."

Other Worlds Next Week

In the evening the planet Mercury is very low in the south-west. In the morning Venus is low in the east; and Jupiter and Saturn are in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 10 o'clock on Sunday night, September 20.

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). Including Purchase Tax. Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½. (Including Purchase Tax.) Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Suits child or adult

Here's a laxative for young or old, for the strong or the delicate. Lixen is thoroughly effective in action and, at the same time, so gentle as to be quite safe even for children. Made from senna pods, Lixen doesn't 'gripe' or irritate. And it is pleasant to take!

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/2, 2/-, 3/6. Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, in bottles, 1/6. Plus Purchase Tax. Made in England by Allen & Hanbury Ltd.

LIXEN
THE GOOD-NATURED
Laxative

L50